MARTIN HARVEY'S NOTABLE ACTING AT THE COLUMBIA

Young Englishman Appears in "The Only Way" With Artistic Success—Originated the Role Three Years Ago.

Martin Harvey, a new and bright star in the English theatrical firmament, continued his initial tour of America by appearing last night at the Columbia Theater in "The Only Way." His first performance here was substantially an inaugural, his acting being so thoroughly appropriate to the role of Sydney Carton, so completely consistent, and so nobly artistic, as to establish him high in Washington favor in one night. He and his admirable company were greeted by rather a small audience, but the assembly was distinguished—it included a large party from the British embassy and many other persons of fashion—and it atoned in enthusiasm for its lack of number. The favorable report which those persons are, no doubt, now circulating will surely obtain for this excellent organization a more commensurate attendance at its subsequent performances.

"The Only Way" is now familiar to nearly all American playgoers as a dramatization of Dickens' widely read and universally beloved "A Tale of Two Cities." This version of the novel is from the pen of the Rev. Freeman Wills, and has been previously presented here by Henry Miller and a capable American company. Two other presentations of the same scenes have been made in Washington—a competent performance of "Sydney Carton" by Thomas Shea, and a presentment of still another version by a stock company. It is assured, therefore, the city is fully familiar with the events from which the play is made up, and that any interest to be manifested in this last presentation depends rather on the actors and investiture than on interest in the drama. In the course of a brief speech last night, Mr. Harvey referred with much courtesy to Mr. Miller's production of the play, saying that such a reception from a community which had viewed and enjoyed the latter's acting in the same role was a high compliment, as, indeed, it was. It should be noted, however, that Mr. Harvey originated the role, and in one performance made both the play and himself famous.

A comparison of these productions is perhaps inevitable, but it should not preclude the general statement that this performance must surely have aroused the city to great enthusiasm had it been the first local presentation of "The Only Way," and that it is abundantly easy to understand Mr. Harvey's instant success in the role. The play is bright with color, tense in plot, vibrant with emotion, brilliant in dialogue, redolent with appeals to manly and noble sympathy, and wondrously refreshing in spirit and tone in this age of anaemic heroines and jackass heroes. The scenery is a little threadbare (it has doubtless been used many hundreds of times), but it is entirely sufficient. The company is so generally capable that the performance must long remain a pleasant memory for its unbroken smoothness and consistent strength. Several of the supporting actors may be expected to return as stars, as it is now the fashion to import all the capable actors of foreign countries, and send away nearly all the talented actors of America—notably William Haviland, who appears as Ernest Defarge and Jean Defarge, dual roles, and acts with singular power and skill, and Fred Wright, sr., whose acting as Dr. Manette is a delight to the eye and a pleasure to the understanding. More extensive advertising would give the scene of Darnay's trial, in which the entire cast appears, as marked an interest and as wide a celebrity as any mob scene which has been produced in Washington in recent years.

Mr. Harvey is abundantly equipped for his work. He is young, handsome, earnest, intelligent, studious and artistic, and all of these qualities manifest themselves in his acting. He is essentially naturalistic. It may be doubted whether any other actor who has appeared locally in similar roles could have so closely reproduced his model. He embodies the Sydney Carton of Dickens—purposeless, careless, self-oblivious, drunken, irreverent, low in every thing save only the high ideal of his love for Lucy Manette and his gentleness with the fallen and depraved. It is in the end a lovable character, but never a beautiful one.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Shea are more idealistic. The last named sacrifices consistency for dramatic climaxes only, but Mr. Miller so far adapted the character to his own as to invest with a magnetism, a spirit, an ideality almost, which lifted it entirely without the scope of the novel, but made a correspondingly deeper impression on the sensibilities of his audiences.

In the day of Wallack, Gilbert, the elder Salvini and the great actors of Germany and France the standard of high histrionic art was the complete effacement of the actor's personality for the creation of the new personalities demanded by different roles. Today it seems to be the attainment of emotional force merely. The old standard produced such actors as Irving, Coquelin, Drew, Modjeska, Mansfield, Florence, and Ada Rehan. The new develops such as Nat Goodwin, Stuart Robson, Henry Miller, Viola Allen, Virginia Harned, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Carter. To say that Mr. Harvey belongs with the former group is to grant him a title which cannot be lightly borne. When those of the newer school shall have worn out their personalities or lost their charm through advancing years, Mr. Harvey will still appear, as Florence did and Irving now does, a prominent figure in all that uplifts the stage and an actor of growing influence and increasing reputation. His Sydney Carton lacks the fire of Henry Miller's enactment, no doubt, but its artistic consistency is an attainment of infinitely more importance and promises a career of much greater power, usefulness and fame.

A. D. A.

"The Wilderness" at the National.

In the hands of mediocre actors H. V. Esmond's latest play, "The Wilderness," would be as uninteresting a bit of stage work as it is conceivable intelligent theatergoers would patronize. But presented by Charles Frohman's admirable Empire Theater stock company there is no reason why the box office receipts at the National this week should not be large.

Mr. Esmond has so illogically mixed his tragedy and comedy that one wonders which of these elements dominated his purpose when he conceived the piece. Withal, however, he has so constructed it as to furnish first-rate opportunities for two persons, who, of course, are the leading man and leading woman. The other characters in the play afford very poor vehicles for an exhibition of artistic temperament or attainment. The story is old—almost threadbare. It deals with the development of a woman's affections and shows the change from a girl's fickleness to the constancy of matured womanhood. As this theme is always interesting in spite of its banality, it is supposed Mr. Esmond wrote "The Wilderness" more with a view of adding to his bank account than to his fame as a playwright.

Miss Margaret Anglin and Charles Richman rescued the play at the National last night from utter failure by their splendid work. And work it must be to them, too, because of the paucity of resources placed at their command by the author. The audience, which was a small one because of the inclement weather, applauded them liberally, the more so obviously for the reason that the audience instinctively recognized the burdens under which Miss Anglin and Mr. Richman labored. Miss Anglin, by the way, appears to have devoted herself earnestly and with good effect since she was last in Washington to a study of the Duse methods. There is now in her work an unmistakable flavor of the great Italian woman's thought and ideals. Mr. Richman is as polished and withal as vigorous as of old.

The other members of the cast acquit themselves excellently when it is borne in mind that they have been given little opportunity, and particular encomium is due Lawrence D'Orsay, Ethel Hornick, and W. H. Crompton for their efforts to utilize every bit of material placed in their hands.

Empire Theater Stock Company at the National—A Good Bill at Chase's—Lavinia Shannon in "Beyond Pardon."

Good Vaudeville at Chase's.

Things theatrical were thoroughly enjoyable last evening at Chase's popular playhouse. An excellent program, varied in its features, pleased the patrons, who occupied almost every available bit of space. There was hardly a weak feature to mar the evening's entertainment.

The Brothers Martine were accorded plenty of applause on their appearance in "The Rebounding Table," a clever acrobatic turn which pleased. Tom Brown and Edythe Navarre introduced a novel sketch in "The Minstrel and the Chinese Maiden." They were well received. "The Baron's Love," in which Clay Clement and company appeared, proved a theatrical morsel that more than satisfied the audience. Mr. Clement, with a dialect that any son of the Fatherland might be proud of, earned the reception accorded him. The Pantzer Trio, in "A Gymnast's Parlor Amusement," were voted excellent entertainers. Their work is clever and exceedingly difficult. Mamie Remington introduced her four pickaninnies, a quartet that would be hard to beat. They pleased everyone immensely, and were encored time and again. Especially entitled to mention are Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield, who offered Will M. Cressy's one-act play, "Mag Haggerty's Father." It is a bright little bit of comedy, well constructed. Perhaps the only fault may be placed at Mr. Ryan's door, his dialect not being that of the typical Irish character.

Nothing could prove more entertaining than did the biograph pictures of a trip across the Atlantic. In the audience were many who had enjoyed the trip in reality, and the many familiar scenes won their hearty applause. The view in which the waves dash over the S. S. Kaiser Wilhelm in midocean is a wonderful piece of photography.

Lavinia Shannon at the Lafayette.

The nomad existence led by theatrical stars who play no extended engagements in New York city does not entirely preclude the idea of a permanent habitation, and Lavinia Shannon, although she has not performed in Washington for years, is still a dweller in the Capital City.

They were home folks, therefore, who attended the Lafayette last night, despite the rain, to view the first presentation here of Kremer's "Beyond Pardon," and Miss Shannon's impersonation of a trying role. They were home folks who gave her an ovation at the close of each act, and much hearty applause in the course of the play, and after the third act it was her fellow-townsmen who brought her before the footlights again and again and finally compelled her to recognize their favor and the gift of several bouquets in an embarrassed speech of barely a dozen halting words.

A shower of big scarlet American Beauty roses was taken to Miss Shannon upon the stage by a representative of the Washington Lodge of Elks, who told her how dear she was to that body, and how much the Elks owed her for frequent responses to their calls upon her services. Miss Shannon scarcely knew in what words to acknowledge the gift, she said in her short speech, and looked the surprise which she said she felt. Thanks to her audience, and to those who had given her flowers, concluded her efforts as a curtain orator.

Each of the four acts of the play displayed Miss Shannon in a new gown, each elegant, elaborate, expensive. Her fellow Washingtonians of her own sex will have an opportunity to inspect these gowns upon the stage at the close of Wednesday's matinee performance, when, incidentally, Miss Shannon will hold a reception to her many friends. While Miss Shannon is shaking hands with her guests, lay figures will be on display gowned in her costumes.

"Beyond Pardon," whatever classification its playwright would assign to it, is a melodrama with many impossible situations and a plot broad in its suggestion of the unclean. The impersonator of the chief character alone redeems it as a spectacle worth seeing. Miss Shannon takes the part of an erstwhile runaway daughter of a navy chaplain, who has returned home as a famous actress, and been pardoned. The period of her absence from home conceals a dark secret which, with poor stage craft, is made the motive of the play. The partial revelation of this secret to her father brings out vendetta characteristics more befitting a bandit than a clergyman.

Miss Shannon is vivacious and graceful as the bizarre actress with a past. She holds the center of the stage throughout the four acts, and is clever enough to make the spectator overlook many shortcomings in the play.

Of her support, the part of the former lover who deserted her is performed by Charles H. Stevens, who enjoys or adopts the dark coloring of the time-honored villain, and many of his arch poses. In the third act Miss Louise Lewis, assigned the role of a widow of uncertain age, is given opportunity to display her vocal powers. Her singing of "Coming Through the Rye," with "Annie Laurie" and "Indiana" as encores, earned her the greatest applause accorded a secondary part.

Virtue triumphs with the descent of the curtain, as in all melodramas.

"A Montana Outlaw" at the Academy.

Patrons of the Academy of Music received with enthusiasm "A Montana Outlaw" at its initial performance last night. The play has a pretty plot and its authors have invested it with scenes and climaxes which evoke from the audience storms, even whirlwinds, of applause. Judged by its effect on the people who heard it last night, "The Montana Outlaw" is a pronounced success.

The theatergoer of wide experience, however, would distinctly temper his approval of the play, for there is rather too much horse play and flashing of silver-mounted revolvers, even for a Wild West melodrama.

The story of Irene LeGrand's fidelity to her childhood lover and the trials of her aged father, hunted by outlaws, give a deeply pathetic color to the play, which in the minds of the authors required a "plantation nigger," a stalwart Irish widow and a bum lawyer to relieve. Suffice it to say that the comedy element is not very successful. The climaxes are developed well and involve a stage coach "hold up," several dashes upon the stage by "Jack the Buster" on horseback, and a genuine Montana hanging, interrupted in the nick of time by a fusillade which scatters the regulators, and saves the life of an innocent man.

The play is in four acts. The cast includes David M. Hartford as Jack the Buster, a cowboy; Taylor Carroll, as Manuel Barka, a lawyer; Wilbur J. Higbee, as Wesley LeGrand, a cattle king; Miss Katherine Tabor, as Irene LeGrand, pride of the valley; Miss Maggie LeClair, as Mrs. O'Dougherty, landlady of Rocky Mountain Hotel, and Miss Marion Hyde, as Drift, a romantic hoyden.

Empire—"Dainty Paree Burlesquers."

Fun abounded at the Empire Theater last night. The entertainers were J. H. Barnes' Dainty Paree Burlesquers and altogether they fulfilled the expectations of the audience. They were given proportionately generous and hearty applause.

The program was in three parts: "A Night at the Waldrough," a comedy satire in one act; "Paris Upside Down," a farce burlesque in three acts, and several good specialty acts. Miss May Booth as "Count Nothing Much" was the central figure in "A Night at the Waldrough" and was well assisted by "Mr." Owley as Captain Jinks, U. S. A.; J. Wesley Jack, a bluff millionaire, and Edward O'Brien, his German pal. Miss Booth as Mme. Mary Lush, a lady of hilarity, was also the leader in turning "Paris upside down." The costumes are pretty and the girls young and shapely. The specialists were Alcene and Hamilton, Mlle. Latoska, Shattuck and Brenard; "The great Karina," just from Paris; Felix Martin, Owley and Randall, and Coates, Grundy and Russell, all of whom did pleasing turns.

"The Brigadiers" at Kernan's.

"The Brigadiers" Burlesque Company is in the foremost rank in its line of entertainment and the reception given it at Kernan's yesterday at both performances was of the enthusiastic sort. It is a good combination of dance, song, attractive chorus girls, and clever specialties and furnished fun and entertainment for nearly three hours to crowded houses. Those who made merry in leading parts were: Lou Harvey in Hebrew character, and Joe Palmer, his German companion; Misses Grace Barron, Adelina Roatinna, Ida Walling, Lea Howard, Nellie Burt, and Mona Wynne.

A strong olio was presented between the company numbers. One of its top liners was Coleman's Dog and Cat Circus. The animals went through all sorts of evolutions and in the performance of their various tricks displayed an almost human intelligence. A pleasing feature of the olio was the singing of Miss Adelina Roatinna. Her numerous songs were well received. Hayes and Wynne presented much that was attractive in the dancing line; Wills and Barron created laughter with their comedy sketch; the Martell Family are acrobatic bicyclists who performed difficult feats in easy fashion; Palmer and Harvey mix their songs and comedy pleasingly, and John A. West as a "Musical Brownie," performs upon all sorts of instruments cleverly.

Second Peabody Concert.

The second of the season's Peabody concerts was given last night in the ballroom of the New Willard by Ernest Hutcheson, pianist. That the program had been selected with care was evident as all the composers were famed music masters and the compositions representative of the schools to which they belonged. Many of the latter are so well known to music students that their analysis is necessary only as far as Mr. Hutcheson's reading of them is concerned.

Mr. Hutcheson is a comparative stranger to Washingtonians, but was accorded a cordial greeting last night. His audience was rather small, but appreciative. After his first number he was wholly at ease and read the program with care and conscientiousness.

In selections by Chopin, Eugen D'Albert, and one of his own compositions the pianist was more at his ease than with Wagner, Beethoven, and Bach. The organ prelude and fugue in A minor, transcribed by Liszt, served as the opening number. In this Mr. Hutcheson was harsh, and his use of the pedals tended to blur his reading. Bach, moreover, lacked precision. Bach, however, is a succession of intricacies and problems not easy to solve, and his compositions present a continuance of difficult and peculiarly constructed phrases which try the capabilities of even more experienced musicians than Mr. Hutcheson.

Beethoven's sonata in C major, op. 53, gave the pianist an opportunity to display a more even tone and clearer executive powers. Especially was this noticeable in the adagio molto and rondo allegretto moderator movements to which he gave a soft, singing tone. Liszt was represented by his etude in F minor and Wagner by Mr. Hutcheson's transcription for the piano of "The Ride of the Valkyries," both of which were conscientiously played and much applauded by the audience. A group of three Chopin numbers figured conspicuously on the program in that they were among the most artistic readings of the evening. They include the ballade in A flat, etude in G sharp minor, and D flat nocturne. Into these Mr. Hutcheson put a wonderful amount of musical feeling and his technique asserted itself more than in the heavier works. Not the least enjoyable was his own composition, a capriccio, op. 4, No. 4.

The recital was an instructive object lesson of important periods in the musical history of the world, and distinctly an important event in the current season in Washington.

ENTERTAINED YOUNG FRIENDS.

Miss Marguerite Miller entertained a number of her young friends last evening at her home, 1722 U Street northwest, in honor of her birthday. Games were played, a musical program rendered, and refreshments served. Among those present were Ida Smith, Dorothy Hellman, Nellie Brighton, Ruth Taylor, Ethel Farrington, Jesse Herriot, Sarah Osborn, Melville Fisher, Stanley Fisher, Norman Fisher, Charlie Schutz, Clifford Fishback, Jackson Miller, Irvin Nuber.

A SECRET OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A NOVEL OF MUTINY AND MYSTERY—By W. BERT FOSTER.

THIS STORY WAS BEGUN FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Howard Thorne, a Harvard student, has been adopted by Mr. Undercliff, of Undercliff & Monckton, Boston shipping merchants, his own father, Edgar Thorne, the intimate friend of Mr. Undercliff and confidential clerk of the firm, having disappeared twenty years before, unjustly suspected of having taken a package containing $5,000 from the vault. He sails from San Francisco on the ship Juan Fernandez, which is never heard from again. Two years later, when the vault is enlarged, the package is found. When the story opens, Captain Latimer, of the firm's brig Naida, has brought from Auckland a draft from Edgar Thorne to reimburse the firm for the amount lost while under his care. Captain Latimer has met a sailor who claims to have been shipwrecked on an uncharted island in the South Pacific, and to have been rescued by a white man who mysteriously appeared with a ship's longboat, and with whom he made the voyage to Auckland. After selling some pearls and buying a draft, the man returned alone to his island.

Howard sails on the Naida for New Zealand to hunt for his father. Mr. Undercliff turns over to him for expenses the original $5,000 package. The fact that it contains a bill of a later date than his father's disappearance causes Howard to believe his father's ruin was deliberately planned by Mr. Monckton, who had been his unsuccessful rival in love. The second mate of the Naida is Sydney Latimer, the captain's handsome and highly educated daughter. Howard knocks down a sailor, Atwell, who is insubordinate to her, and incurs his enmity. He finds on board another sailor, Jessop, the man rescued by his father, and makes friends with him. He is disgusted to find that he has a fellow-passenger—Carter Monckton, son of the man he suspects. Carter comes aboard drunk, and Howard guides him to his stateroom and throws away his flask. Both men admire Sydney, but Howard, unable to conceal his aversion to Carter, is regarded by her as rude and prejudiced. Carter is insolent to Howard in the cabin after dinner one day, and they come to blows. This and the courtesy which Sydney exhibits to young Monckton, thereby arousing Howard's jealousy, cause him to shun his associates in the cabin. He learns, through Jessop, of discontent among the crew, fomented by Atwell. They meet heavy weather, the brig springs a leak, and the pumps are manned. The vessel is short handed, and Howard turns to and helps. Sydney thanks him, but a chance allusion to Carter Monckton causes him to make a sneering remark and go below. Sydney, grieved, goes to her cabin.

Carter has been getting liquor from Atwell, and Howard finds him one day almost in a delirium of fear. Jessop throws out dark hints of trouble. More stormy weather drives the brig in the vicinity of the island where Howard believes he will get trace of his father. He asks Captain Latimer to sail north a day or two in search of it. Carter attempts to prevent it, but, word coming that the brig is leaking dangerously, all jump to the pumps. Atwell objects, and is floored by Latimer. Howard tells the captain that Atwell has been supplying the crew and Carter Monckton with liquor. They search the forecastle, but find nothing. Coming out, they see the first and third mates threatened by the crew, while a fierce storm cloud is rapidly approaching over the water.

CHAPTER X.

The Towering Cliff.

"MUTINY, Captain Latimer!" roared Mr. Pepper, seeing his superior, with the cook and Thorne, appear at the forecastle door. "The scoundrels refuse to work the pumps."

"We've jerked these old pump brakes long enough," cried Atwell. "We'll do it no longer."

"An' right ye are, mate!" growled one of his backers. "Let the old tub sink."

"We'll take to the boats an' let her go down an be hanged to her!" chimed in a third.

The men were in earnest, and glowered defiantly at their officers.

"Fools!" shouted the captain, beside himself with wrath. "If there is a leak the brig will sink while you're monkeying this way."

"Mebbe we are fools," returned Atwell. "But we ain't goin' to be starved and kep at those pump brakes all the time."

"Don't you see I'm gettin' the engine fired up, you fellows?" demanded Pepper, striving to speak pacifically. "We'll soon couple her onto the pumps."

"To blazes with your engine!" was Atwell's comment. "We've struck work, me an' my mates, an' that settles it."

Captain Latimer started aft.

"Hold on there!" called out Atwell. "Stay forward! We've got ye separate, an' we mean to keep ye so. Get back into the fo'c'stle, all three of you!"

He drew a big revolver from his breast and covered the captain and his two companions. At the signal every man among the mutinous crew brought out some sort of a weapon. There were three or four pistols besides Atwell's.

"I'm out of it!" groaned Latimer. "My revolver is in my cabin."

"So is mine," said Thorne. "We'd better get under cover."

Tonio had already dodged the forecastle steps again.

"Let 'em have the deck, cap'n!" shouted Mr. Sessions. "We'll hold the cabin!"

He and Pepper made a dash for the forward companionway and dived below. At the same moment Thorne saw Miss Latimer at the galley door. Monckton was with her.

"There's the gal!" yelled Atwell, catching sight of the brig's second mate. "Drive her into the cabin. We want the galley."

But as he spoke the galley door was slammed to and fastened.

"She's got my revolver!" exclaimed Captain Latimer, in delight. "They'll not get into that galley in a hurry. We'll starve 'em till they'll be glad to come to terms."

He and Thorne followed Tonio into the forecastle. Thorne stopped to fasten the door. The slide in the deck was already closed, and Tonio bolted it.

"They'll take off a hatch and get to the stores," suggested the passenger, in response to the captain's last remark.

"They won't if Sydney keeps her wits about her, an' I reckon she will," replied the captain, with pride. "The galley opens into the hold. She can keep any of those scamps from getting down by the hatches. The galley can be reached from the cabin, too. The mates can relieve her. They'll be all right, and if we had some sort of a shooting iron we'd be all right, too."

Thorne thought of the strange cloud he had seen rolling up from the south and wondered what would happen when that struck the brig. Tonio climbed upon the mess chest to light the swinging lamp, but Captain Latimer bade him let it alone.

"It's dark in here. If we light that thing those wretches can come along, pry aside that shutter an' pick us off if they're so minded."

Just then there was a fusillade of shots on deck. The captain groaned aloud. He did not fear for himself, but he trembled for his daughter's safety.

Suddenly Thorne heard a faint rap on the after bulkhead of the forecastle. He stepped softly across the room and listened. The noise was repeated. Something creaked in the partition, and to his vast surprise a narrow door swung slowly open.

"What the mischief's that?" shouted Captain Latimer, while Tonio uttered a howl of terror.

Somebody stood at the door with a lantern.

"Come this way," whispered the newcomer hoarsely. "You haven't a moment to lose. They are attacking the galley, sir."

It was Carter Monckton.

"How did you get here? What sort of devilry is this?" gasped the captain.

He snatched the lantern from Monckton's grasp and examined the secret door.

"A neat job of joiner's work, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Hung on leather hinges. Nobody'd notice the crack in this dark corner. What do you know about this, cook?"

"I sw'ar to goodness, Massa Latimer, I nebber know'd nottin' erbout it," declared Tonio.

"This is some of Atwell's work," said the captain. "But how did you know about it?"

He turned upon Monckton with blazing eyes and seized him roughly by the shoulder.

Thorne, although intensely interested in what was going on beside him, was also aware that something of serious import was taking place on deck. The firing had ceased. There were shouts of command and the tread of hurrying feet.

"Them debbles are lowerin' de boats an' leabing' us, Cap'n Latimer!" cried Tonio, rushing to the door.

As he spoke the brig seemed to strike some obstruction and she quivered from bow to stern.

"She's struck a reef!" exclaimed the captain, his face paling.

"No, no!" shouted Thorne, as Tonio flung open the door. "It's the storm. I saw it coming up."

The wind was shrieking like a pack of fiends through the writhing spars and rigging, and the sea all about the brig was whipped to foam. It was impossible to see half a cable's length beyond the rail.

"A typhoon!" roared Captain Latimer as he sprang past the cook to the deck.

Atwell was yelling orders like a madman. Such sails as had been spread when the tempest struck had been torn from their bolts in a flash. But the exmate was doing what he could to right the laboring brig. She lay over on her side till the sea ran over her rail. At the wheel stood Tom Shields and Jessop, hanging to the spokes for dear life.

Thorne slammed to the forecastle door and followed the captain and Tonio across the staggering deck. The sailors who, a few minutes before, were carrying things with such a high hand, now clung to the shrouds with fear-stricken faces. Latimer brushed the impotent Atwell aside. He seized a battened trumpet from beneath the quarter rail and shouted his orders through it.

Never did men spring more willingly to obey him. Tonio and Thorne laid hold of the ropes with the others. It was a stupendous battle, but at last, still staggering unsteadily under the force of the wind, the old Naida swung around and began to forge ahead before the gale. But she wallowed low in the heavy seas.

Thorne tried the well. As near as he could judge the water had gained nearly two feet. He ran and told the captain.

"Knock on the cabin door and tell the mates what's happened," he said. "Then, for God's sake, Mr. Thorn, take a look at my little girl! See what's happened to her."

Thorne hurried to the cabin and knocked on the door.

"Keep away from here, you villains!" he heard Mr. Sessions say. "I'm going to shoot."

"Don't do it!" cried Thorne quickly. "The captain's got control of the deck again. Come out."

Sessions and Pepper at once appeared, both fully armed. Tonio was building another fire under the boiler of the engine, a wave which had boarded the brig having put the first out.

"You villains keep forward of the mast there," Captain Latimer commanded, addressing the cowed crew. "Don't one of you come aft unless you are told. Jessop, you and Shields remain at the wheel."

Thorne dashed below, and after arming himself in his stateroom went forward to the gallery. He found Sydney on guard with a big "bull dog" revolver and a loaded cane. She was pale, but calm.

"Is father hurt?" were her first words.

"Not at all," Thorne assured her. "He has control of the deck again. He feared something had happened to you."

"No, no," she said hastily. "I am all right. But I am worried for Mr. Monckton. He went into the hold, saying that he thought he could reach you in the forecastle by climbing over the cargo. Have you seen him?"

"He is safe," replied Thorne, shortly. "You had better go to your cabin now, I think, Miss Latimer. It is simply an armistice between the crew and the officers. Trouble may break out again at any moment."

"You forget that I am an officer also," she said coldly.

She threw open the galley door and stepped out upon the deck. Thorne followed her. The worst of the tempest seemed to have passed, but the wind still blew strongly from the south. Aloft the rigging of the brig was a mass of broken and twisted cables. Half the lighter spars had been blown away, and the top of the foremast was broken short off.

The Naida labored fearfully in the waves, which were beginning to run very high. It needed little sea lore to assure Thorne that the craft was in a very bad way indeed. The sailors, all but Jessop and his chum, Tom Shields, had disappeared.

"Where is Mr. Monckton, father?" asked Sydney, the instant she reached his side.

"I don't know," returned the captain. "He was in the forecastle the last I saw of him. Has he come out, Mr. Thorne?"

"He's still with his friends," responded Thorne pointedly.

"What do you mean?" demanded Sydney, wrathfully. "Has he been left to the mercy of those men?"

"I'll go forward and see what's the matter with him," volunteered Mr. Pepper.

Thorne and the captain looked at each other, but said nothing.

Ere this Tonio had got up steam in the engine, and now, with Mr. Sessions' assistance, coupled on the pumps. Immediately a full stream of muddy water began to spit into the scuppers and run out of the hawse-holes.

WILL BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

"WASHINGTON SHOULD BE THE NATIONAL PRIDE"

Secretary Doyle Speaks Upon Capital's Growth.

"LEISURE CLASSES DESIRED"

City Should Become Center of Learning, as Was Athens and Is Paris.

The growth, prosperity and improvement of Washington was the topic of an address by John T. Doyle, secretary of the Civil Service Commission, last night before the members of the Unity Club, at their meeting at the Riggs House.

The development of government and its centralization of administration he mentioned as among the chief factors of the city's growth and prosperity, but added that it was also essential to draw to the national center the "leisure classes." Mr. Doyle said in part:

A Sign of Power.

"The seat of the national government is the outward and visible sign of the power and significance of the nation. While this is peculiarly true of ancient capitals—such as Athens and Rome—it is also true in a degree of Paris and Washington. No American can look upon the capital of this country without an increase of interest and affection for the national institutions, just as no Englishman may visit Westminster Abbey, or a Frenchman Paris, without the gratification of national pride.

"Our own capital has been called 'the only child of the nation.' It is the one spot where the national government is independent and supreme, where national councils may be held without interruption, free from party feeling and prejudice, the disturbances of a commercial metropolis and the liability of mob violence. It is a neutral ground where a display of strong military power is unnecessary, and where members of all political parties may meet on equal terms, free from the turmoil of popular elections.

Dignity and Independence.

"Its government is under the guardianship of Congress, giving it dignity and independence of State laws. The laws of a State might be inadequate to the protection of the national government or might be exercised in a hostile spirit.

"The site of the political capital exercises an important influence upon the whole country. This is shown by the history of all nations. Here take place the great events in its political history. It is the theater of national pageants, and the display of the national resources. It is the site of monuments and the center of historic interest. Here wealth and the mementos of achievement accumulate.

"Interest in the city as the National Capital increases with its improvement in distinction from other cities. It is the Mecca which every American desires to visit. This interest and regard for the Capital City is an important element in national feeling and strength. A study of our city derives a peculiar importance because of these considerations.

Railroads Disappointing.

"The railroad, and the development of great food areas in the West, have disappointed the expectations formed for the city's future, but the selection of the site showed the highest wisdom of the time. It was not foreseen that the fringe of people along the sea coast would spread beyond the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, and to the Pacific, that the area in which the people then had their homes would, a century later, be the abode of only one-third of the population of the United States. While the site was central in their time, a hundred years later it is as far from the center of population as it is from Maine or Florida.

"Had it become a 'great commercial emporium,' surpassing New York or Chicago, the estimate of the population would have fallen as far short as the estimate of other growth in the new nation. As it is, it is fortunate that the city is not a seat of commerce, and of a dense excitable population. The moderate demand for land enables the officers of the Government to live upon smaller salaries than in business cities. It has permitted the growth of a city based rather upon the consideration of art and resident convenience than mere utility.

Future of Washington.

"The development of Washington appears to have been brought about solely by public improvement. The era of canals and railways, which not only built up commercial centers, but also industrial cities, does not appear to have had nearly so marked an effect upon the city's growth.

"The future of Washington is shown by its history to be chiefly dependent for its growth upon the patriotic spirit of the country. While other cities flourish or decay from economic causes, the Capital City alone is representative of national spirit. The growth of government, and the centralization of administration, in themselves are vital factors in its growth and prosperity; but it is also essential to draw to this national center the 'leisure class.' A notable tendency, encouraged by and dependent upon public improvements, is the growth of the city as a center of learning."

INTEREST IN MR. SOTHERN'S ENGAGEMENT.

Inquiries as to the advance sale of seats for the engagement of E. H. Sothern in "Hamlet" and "If I Were King," lead Manager Rapley, of the New National Theater, to expect that next week will be one of his most successful bookings of the season. He has accordingly decided that no seats shall be reserved until the opening of the regular sale, Thursday morning, at 8:30 o'clock. It is possible this will be Mr. Sothern's last appearance in Washington for several seasons, as his managers expect to present him in London in "Hamlet." Immediately after his week in Washington, Mr. Sothern goes to New York for an extended run. The supporting company of this year, headed by Miss Cecilia Loftus, is the strongest he has ever had.